

## **The Game f/ JT**

### **"Eat Ya Beats Alive"**

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[JT]

Three wheel motion around the corner on these niggaz  
mayne

Smashin down the block, Charlie O beat in the deck  
Game, what it do? (What it do?)

[The Game]

They love the way a nigga hop them six-fours and shit  
The way I, push buttons make them Diablo doors lift  
The way I, stick and move, when I'm behind the wheel  
of that new Escalade with the Foreman grill

The way I, peel back niggaz jerseys

It ain't your life, I'm just not a big fan of James Worthy

So wait 'til I see y'all, I'm real surgical with the Ruger

But you won't catch my face on E.R.

But you might catch them dudes from the ambulance

Squattin on top of ya mans givin 'em each CPR

Tryin to get 'em to "Breathe Again" like Toni Braxton

Told y'all 'bout comin to Cali, with them phony accents

Hollywood got movies, but it ain't no actin

So wear that bling to them awards like it ain't no jackers

We chain snatchers (twenty-fo' seven)

[Chorus: JT]

When you're on the West coast - eat ya beats alive

When ya come to the lab - eat ya beats alive

Fuckin with this cash - eat ya beats alive

Cause it's all about math - eat ya beats alive

When you're on the West coast - eat ya beats alive

When ya come to the lab - eat ya beats alive

All about this cash - eat ya beats alive

Nigga all about math - eat ya beats alive

[The Game]

It ain't nuttin to spray you faggots

Or have your moms get you a Burberry suit so you look  
good in that casket

It's {\*reversed\*} you faggots, desperado in tact

June, Drago, The Game and D-Mac (holla)

Come through in a grim reaper black Cadillac

Seven-three, ooh-wee, you see, who he

With the ugliest, flows, money hungriest  
Oh, the kid got hoes, you ain't know?  
Head is never optional, get my whistle, blizzow  
Carry pistols, to your Sources and your Grammys  
Of course it's that nigga that kick down doors  
And leave rooms filled with corpses, Jordan and bloody  
Air Forces  
To get my dough I come back like Air Jordan  
Same shot, lil' older, still no nigga can hold him  
Stepped back, sold crack let the Compton streets mold  
him  
Big face said I could it, he'll bet you a G

[Chorus]

[JT]

See I'm the nigga with the most flow  
Figgaro from killer Cali, reppin Get Low, niggaz know  
Independent with my hustle  
Couldn't give a fuck money or muscle it's time to  
bubble  
West coast is the place where we holdin it down  
Bay area thuggin, they knowin it now  
I'm from the home of the Get Low, home of the get  
dough  
Home where they want mo' so niggaz get they pistol  
Run up in yo' back do', lookin for the cheddar cheese  
Canary wristwatch on celebrities  
Diamond bezelled iced out with hella cheese  
And every fuckin link is like a masterpiece  
Catch 'em slippin comin out the Burger King  
Parkin lot project life, we like to spark a lot  
Better known as a bandit, niggaz cain't stand it  
My whole block gets hard like granite

[Chorus]

[JT] Nigga

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